

Let us go back where it's cool and get rested."

"Oh, if I could only go back two years!" said a lady the other day—one into whose life trouble, grief, and change had come—"if I could just go back to things as they were two years ago, and get rested!"

But those years were not known as restful ones when she lived in them; they were deemed full of care then, and it was only in the backward look that they seemed sweet and desirable.

"Let the shadow go back on the dial," is an old, old cry, but rest does not lie that way. Not backward to the noon, or the morning, but forward lies the resting time—not in the task pushed aside or unbegun, but in the work completed. Whatever the present may hold, it is not in the turning back, but in the pressing forward that hope and comfort wait for us. Somewhere the last hurt and loss and disappointment will drop away, and, having grown stronger and happier for all the struggling past, we shall begin again where all things are made new.

The Christian Life

Where no Night is

MRS. M. M. HILL

Perhaps, some summer night of beauty rare,
When roses fill with fragrance all the air,
And fleecy clouds go sailing silent by,
Above the quiet chamber where I lie,
I shall steal softly out, and leave for aye
This earth-worn garment to its kindred clay.

Somewhere in that dear home, "not made with hands,"

I'll find, a perfect whole, earth's broken bands,
Those dear old friends that made this life so sweet,
And once again the old-time faces greet,
And on those dear loved faces not a trace
Of care or pain or grief shall find a place.

Perchance among the friends long gone before,
The dearest one of all, best loved of yore,
Will haste to meet me, and with fond caress
And loving greeting hand to hand will press,
And lead me to a mansion grand and fair,
Where no night is,—God's glory everywhere.

—Sunday School Times.

What Are You Giving

Unidentified.

To the church? How much of your time and energy? How much of your best that in planning her work? Do you exhaust your strength in business so that you are almost too tired on the Sabbath to think clearly? The church of Christ needs consecrated brains, energy, and personal service.

To the unfortunates? What a large number of our brothers and sisters are crippled in one way or another worse than physical blindness or lameness—crippled by sinful heredity with vile appetites and sins, or crippled by narrow, cramping environment. What are your feelings for them? Sympathy? Well; but what are you doing? Have you found some good movement you can help which relieves and redeems the unfortunates?

To the great, wide world? It is getting closer together, and we can see now the needs of China, Africa, Cuba, the Philippines. We are shocked and stunned by awful revelations. What are you doing? Get-

ting into personal relations with workers to encourage and materially help them? Praying for them daily?

What can we do? As Saul did, let us ask the Lord. He will speak to us concerning it. He will direct to a place of usefulness, and if we are his, there will be real work we can do.

The Life of Daily Faithfulness

W. L. Watkinson, D. D.

Let us, day by day, do all the good we can. The apostle was intent on beneficent action, and day by day he sought strength for such action and looked for renewal thru it. He did not put faith in the periodical doing of great deeds, but in the faithful pursuit of a daily helpfulness. In one of her letters Miss Havergal writes: "The bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the odd bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces—the chance conversations with rich and poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the tables d'hôte for me and the rides and friends' tables for you."

This doing of good in a small way at every opportunity makes many rich. Said the painter of antiquity, "No day without its line," and so one by one his masterpieces came to perfection. Let our motto be, "No day without its beneficent deeds, altho that day may be simple and obscure," and we, too, shall turn out masterpieces which no mere artist can rival.

Let us live the life of daily faithfulness, and we shall rejoice as those who find great spoil. The years shall only clear our visions and show us more glorious things; they shall render the ears more acute, that they may catch wonderful whispers we now miss; they shall bow the body to the earth, but they shall give to the soul wings and crowning mercies. When our heart and flesh fail us God shall be "the strength of our heart and our portion forever." What nobler work, what greater blessedness can we ask than this? The world may not know us to applaud; but what to us is the world when God approves?

Our Help in Trouble

Mark Guy Pearse.

What springs of precious consolation lie in these words? That saying is true, "Trouble never comes singly." Even trouble brings God with it, as of old when men believed that where the poison grew there grew its antidote beside it, ever ready with its healing. When we can go on our way, "he gives his angels charge concerning us"—just as the mother bids the nurse-maid take care of the little one; to keep it out of winds and find the sunny path, and to avoid the perils of the crowded street. But to-night the cheek is flushed, the head drops, and the eyes are heavy; and now the little one can find no rest but in the mother's arms, and the only soothing is in the sound of her voice and the touch of her gentle hand. "I will be with the little one to-night," says the mother; even so tender and pitiful

is our God: "I will be with him in trouble." The angels may protect and minister in a thousand gracious ways, but trouble makes us so sacred that God himself comes then to soothe and cheer us.

The Secret of Happiness

Mrs. Helen DeKroyft, in Success.

I can truly say that I have much to be thankful for, and that I have discovered the secret of happiness in this sad world. It is to cultivate a love for some honorable work. I am in my eighty-second year, and I never could have attained such an age, or kept such perfect health, if I had folded my hands idly sixty years ago, and yielded to despair. Fighting against odd is a wonderfully inspiring thing. Some people would say my life has been wrecked, that it is of no value, because the day that I became a bride I was left a widow and blind. Yet I can truthfully say life has been worth living. All the hours have been winged, for employment is the charioteer of the soul.

Summer Sundays

The Congregationalist.

In the biography of Henry Drummond is this significant citation from the diary of his tour thru the Yellowstone: "7th. The Sabbath. Encamped all day. . . . The N. T." With his customary reticence Drummond refrains from telling us what he gained from his reading of the New Testament on that Sunday. But the important thing is the fact that in the midst of the scenic beauties of the Yellowstone and surrounded as he must have been by congenial companions, Drummond sought his New Testament, and derived from it benefit enough to make it worth his while to include the circumstances in the record of the day.

Summer conditions make our Sundays unlike those during the rest of the year. Whether we go abroad or stay at home, there are numerous variations from the conventional programme. Strangers in the pulpit or perhaps an unusual place of worship, vacation habits and tendencies, the atmosphere of change and novelty, the very heat of mid-summer, induce in us a mood somewhat foreign to that in which we find ourselves at other seasons, and one which does not favor, perhaps, the cultivation and expression of religion. We wisely allow ourselves considerable latitude respecting church attendance, for we all must have our period of rest and recreation.

It is not well to judge one another too severely respecting our uses of summer Sundays, but we miss their most beneficial service if we do not gain that which is represented by our citation from Professor Drummond's diary. To fritter away the whole day in idle talk on hotel piazzas, to indulge in loafing until it become wearisome, to roam the fields aimlessly, to employ the holy time simply for bodily recuperation and for social ends, is not such a use of the Lord's Day as ought to satisfy the aspiring soul. Indeed, we doubt whether the best physical results are